

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

"THE WEARING O' THE GREEN": HOW THE EMBLEM OF IRELAND
ADORNED THE BUTTONHOLES OF LONDONERS.



Khaki meets the crinoline and the poke bonnet near Bond-street.



The Countess of Limerick sells sprigs at the Shamrock League's headquarters in Bond-street.



Lady Jellicoe. Lady Limerick.



A tiny "Tommy" procures his sprig.



Two pretty girls who did a fine trade in Oxford-street.



Lady Limerick at Lord Roberts's grave.

Men, women and children wore a sprig of shamrock yesterday, and the glory of O'Leary was kept in green remembrance in the buttonhole of practically every Londoner. Pretty girls stood at nearly every street corner and Tube station and sold

bunches at "anything over twopence." During the day the Countess of Limerick and Lady Jellicoe, both of whom acted as saleswomen, visited St. Paul's and placed a wreath of shamrock on Lord Roberts's grave.—(Daily Mirror and Topical.)

MACHINE GUN ON SLEIGHS. P. 357

Austrians with a machine-gun on sleighs negotiating a difficult descent in the Carpathians. The men behind have to act as the brake, or the sleigh would break loose and career wildly down the hill.

DUCK'S FRIEND. P. 14120

Duck which is the constant companion of Mr. Tracey, the special constable who guards the Streatham Reservoir.

COUNTESS ILL. P. 791E

Countess Szechenyi (formerly Miss Gladys Vanderbilt), who has caught smallpox while nursing in Austria.

NURSE'S SCHEME TO SAVE MONEY. P. 706

As the cheapest fire-bucket costs 7s., the nurses at the Whitehall Hospital, Norwood, have bought ordinary ones, and are painting them themselves. They wish to save money, which is needed for giving the wounded the best possible treatment.

A World's Record

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Orders already received show that the circulation of No. 2 of the new Sunday Picture Newspaper will exceed even the colossal figure of a million odd attained by No. 1.

No. 2

will be

ANOTHER WONDERFUL ISSUE

Pages and Pages of Pictures, all the News and Special Features of exceptional interest.

24 FULL PAGES 1d.
Order To-day.

BRITAIN'S CALL TO LOYAL WOMEN.

Government Plan to Register Those Ready to Do War Work.

MEN FREED FOR ARMY.

A war service for women!

That, *The Daily Mirror* learnt yesterday, is the latest Government plan to meet the great shortage of industrial and other labour during the war, and to assist recruiting.

The Board of Trade is to-day to appeal to women to come and work in certain trades, including armament work.

"Any woman," says the Government appeal, "who by working helps to release a man or equip a man for fighting does national war service."

Every woman who can work and is free to work should come forward and have her name entered on the Special List of Women for War Service which is to be prepared by the Government Labour Exchanges.

For a start 10,000 women are wanted for armament work—light machine and cartridge turning and shellcase filling and fusing. Their work will help the Government to meet the increasing demands for munitions of war.

For this work women need not be specially qualified. They can get two or three weeks' paid training, and then when capable can earn, with overtime pay, from 28s. to 32s. a week.

Women—20,000 at least—are wanted at once to work also in the following, among other, occupations: Farm work, dairy work, leather stitching, brush-making, clothing machining.

THE CALL.

This is the call to women as it will be issued by the Board of Trade to-day:—

The President of the Board of Trade wishes to call attention to the fact that in the present emergency if the full fighting power of the nation is to be put forth on the field of battle the full working power of the nation must be made available to carry on its essential trades.

Already in certain important occupations there are not enough men and women to do the work. This shortage will certainly spread to other occupations as more and more men join the fighting forces.

In order to meet both the present and the future needs of national industry during the war the Government wish to obtain the particulars of the women available, with or without previous training, for paid employment.

Accordingly, they invite all women who are prepared, if needed, to take paid employment of any kind—industrial, agricultural, clerical, etc.—to enter themselves upon the register of women for war service, which is being prepared by the Board of Trade Labour Exchanges.

Any woman living in a town where there is a Labour Exchange can register by going there in person. If she is not near a Labour Exchange she can get a form of registration from the local agency of the Unemployment Fund.

Forms will be also sent out through a number of women's societies. Forms, but not information, can also be obtained from any Post Office.

REGISTER OF WORKERS.

"The object of registration," adds the president, "is to find out what reserve of women's labour, trained or untrained, can be made available if required."

"As from time to time actual openings for employment present themselves notice will be given through the Labour Exchanges, with full details as to the nature of work, conditions and pay, and, so far as special training is necessary, arrangements will, if possible, be made for the purpose."

"It seems to me that this will be the first real practical opportunity women have had of being given generally to help the nation," said Mrs. Dacre Fox, of the Women's Social and Political Union, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"That they will not fail the country I am convinced. It is simply a matter of burning with patriotism. They have been waiting only for the chance to prove it, and they will rally to the call as enthusiastically as the men."

"The scheme will have our heartiest co-operation in every way. Wherever we work, wherever we speak, we shall urge women to respond to the call."

BICYCLE THAT CAME HOME.

The remarkable story of the theft and recovery of a bicycle was told yesterday at Wilkesden.

The owner left it outside a house at Wilkesden.

A passer-by stole it and sold it to a man at Kenilworth.

New owner rode to Cricklewood on it to see a friend.

Real owner saw it outside the house and rode away on it.

"TOMMY" THE VERSATILE.

AMSTERDAM, March 17.—*The Telegraaf* learns that some British soldiers interned at Groningen, who had several times given performances with the object of entertaining their companions, showed such excellent talent that they attracted the attention of some well-known Dutch gentlemen, who asked them to give a performance at the Municipal Theatre.

The soldiers did so and made a most successful debut.—*Daily News.*

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Dull, misty, some rain; sleet in places, becoming colder.

GOLD FOR SPRIGS.

Record Demand for "Dear Little Shamrock" in London.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

From one end of London to the other there was only one kind of buttonhole worn yesterday—just a simple little sprig of green leaves. It was St. Patrick's Day, and never before has shamrock been so popular.

Over 1,000 pretty young women thronged the streets inviting purchasers.

The idea of having a special sale of shamrock in London originated with the Countess of Limerick, and all the money raised by the sale will be devoted to the work now being carried on at Victoria Station—that of providing free refreshments for our soldiers and sailors going to or coming from the front.

Queen Mary sent a telegram of congratulation to the Countess of Limerick and expressed her thanks to all the workers.

An enormous quantity of shamrock—no fewer than 200,000 sprigs—was ordered from Ireland, and the ladies who sold pieces emptied their baskets with remarkable rapidity.

The price of shamrock was "the best you can possibly get," with a minimum of 2d., and the 200,000 sprigs were made into hundreds of thousands of pieces.

The Countess of Limerick sold shamrock in Bond-street, and among the helpers were Lady Jellicoe and Mme. Rejane.

Queen Alexandra sent her usual gift of shamrock to the Irish Guards, and this year it was sent to the front instead of the ceremony of distribution taking place in London. Nevertheless the few Irish Guards who remain in town received sprigs from her Majesty.

In place of the annual Irish Nationalist banquet, a reception was held last night by Mr. and Mrs. John Redmond at the Hotel Cecil.

THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL."

Lord Lonsdale's Praise of the New Paper—
"Most Excellent News Medium."

Not the least remarkable feature of the *Sunday Pictorial's* amazing success is its popularity with all classes.

One of the most gratifying welcomes to the new journalistic arrival came to hand yesterday from the Earl of Lonsdale, prince of sportsmen, and one of the most notable figures in the social world.

"I think the *Sunday Pictorial* a most excellent medium for distributing news of the world on Sundays," writes Lord Lonsdale.

"Its contents are interesting and varied, and I wish you every success. It will be most interesting to the men in the hospitals at the front."

Mr. Horatio Bottomley has a very kind word for the *Sunday Pictorial* in the entertaining pages of *John Bull*. He writes:—

"Welcome to the *Sunday Pictorial*. It was badly wanted. . . it's a fine pen'north."

Popular as was No. 1 there is reason to believe that next Sunday's issue will be even more popular.

People who desire to secure a copy of No. 2, therefore, would be well advised to send a line to that effect to their newswagon to-day.

"SAVED THOUSANDS OF LIVES."

That he and General Smith Dorrien managed the retreat from Mons was a statement said to have been made to the sergeant who arrested him, by Guy Mortimer Fry, formerly a subaltern in the 7th Dragoons, who at Downpatrick yesterday was committed for trial on a charge of obtaining, at a Newcastle hotel, food and lodging to the value of £2 15s. 6d., and cash to the value of £1 10s.

Accused, it was stated, registered himself at the hotel as Colonel George Fryer, an officer just returned from the front. According to the evidence Fry reached the hotel, accompanied by a soldier servant, who disappeared. He borrowed a watch from a Newcastle shopkeeper, and in Downpatrick tried to obtain £1.

OUR CRUISER "CORDON."

British Warships' Watch and Ward Over the Sea Paths to Germany.

SIR E. GREY AND REPRISALS.

The steel-grey cruisers of the Grand Fleet are keeping the sea-door to Germany shut to supplies.

The text of the correspondence between Mr. Page and Sir Edward Grey was published last night, and contains much that is interesting in connection with the conduct of the war at sea.

Sir E. Grey, in the course of a memorandum to Mr. Page on March 15, pointed out that:—

"The right to stop foodstuffs destined for the civil population must be admitted if an effective 'cordon' controlling intercourse with the enemy is drawn, announced and maintained."

"The Government of Great Britain have now frankly declared, in concert with the Government of France their intention to meet the German attempt to stop all supplies of every kind from leaving or entering British or French ports by themselves stopping supplies going to or from Germany."

"For this end the British Fleet has instituted a blockade, effectively controlling by cruiser 'cordon' all passages to and from Germany by sea."

"The difference between the two policies is, however, that, while our object is the same as that of Germany, we propose to attain it without sacrificing neutral ships or non-combatant lives, or inflicting upon neutrals the damage that must be entailed when a vessel and its cargo are sunk without notice, examination or trial."

The text of the declaration of retaliatory measures against Germany communicated to neutrals was also published last night.

A German submarine, it is pointed out, fulfils none of the obligations of the law and customs of nations in regard to attacks on commerce. The German submarine enjoys no local command of the waters in which she operates. She does not take her captives within the jurisdiction of a prize court. She carries no prize crew which she can put on board a prize. She uses no effective means of discriminating between a neutral and an enemy vessel.

In reply to another letter from Mr. Page, Sir Edward states the Government have made it their first aim to minimise inconvenience to neutrals.

HIGHER WAGES DEMANDS.

Miners Press for 20 per Cent. Advance Owing to Increased Cost of Living.

Labour troubles, following on the increased cost of living, are threatening in various parts of the country.

Miners have formulated a demand for an immediate increase of wages to the extent of 20 per cent. on their present earnings.

Some 150 delegates from every field of the federated coal area of Great Britain and Wales, representing 800,000 workmen, at a national conference of the Miners' Federation, held at Westminster Palace Hotel yesterday, agreed unanimously to make this demand.

It was also decided to take steps with a view to an immediate joint meeting of mine owners and workmen dealing with the matter "in order that the advance in wages may come into force at the earliest possible date."

The Miners' Federation of South Wales, numbering 100,000 men, have refused the 10 per cent. advance in wages offered by the masters, as they claim an advance of 20 per cent.

Work is seriously held up in the London docks owing to trouble between the Stevedores' Association and the men.

ORANGE DOGS.

Orange-coloured pomeranians are the latest fashionable pets. Dog breeders all over the country are striving to rear these pretty little creatures, with their fluffy, silk-like hair.

At the Pomeranian Club's annual championship show at the Royal Botanic Gardens yesterday there were dozens of these orange-coloured dogs.

Two of the women exhibiting pets kept little pieces of cold boiled rabbit in their pockets yesterday to feed their pets. The sight of this toothsome morsel made the dogs look keener than ever.



The 2nd Sportsman's Battalion marching through the City yesterday. They have gone into camp at Romford, Essex.—(*"Daily Mirror"* photograph.)

Orders for No. 2 of the "Sunday Pictorial" are now being taken in unprecedented numbers. Newsagents are advised to forward their orders as early as possible to "The Daily Mirror" Office, 23-29, Ebury-street, London, E.C., as otherwise the publisher cannot guarantee to fill them.

FARTHING FOR LOVER WHO SUED WOMAN.

Man of Sixty-Nine Claims Breach of Promise Damages.

EARLY ROMANCE REVIVED

The very unusual spectacle of a grey-haired man with a heavy white moustache and white "Imperial," claiming damages for breach of promise of marriage, was seen at the London Sheriff's Court yesterday.

He was Mr. William H. Gardner, a painter and decorator, of Shildland-road, Paddington, and he sued Miss Fanny Land, who keeps a tea-shop with her sister at Station-road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

The jury awarded plaintiff one farthing damages.

"YOUR DEAR FACE AGAIN."

Mr. G. F. Kington, for the plaintiff, said Miss Land was some eight or nine years younger than Mr. Gardner. He first made her acquaintance when she was seventeen and he was twenty-five. At that time they were on very affectionate terms, and it was anticipated by their friends that they would be married. However, they drifted apart and he married another girl.

After his wife's death he married again, and his second wife died two and a half years ago. About April of last year the plaintiff saw the name of "Land" in a newspaper and, thinking it might be his old friends, he wrote to the address. Thus old memories were revived.

In reply to his letter, Miss Land wrote:—
Just a line to let you know we are the three you knew as children. We were so glad to have a line from you. We hope and trust in the Lord that we shall see your dear face again.

SISTER "BARS THE DOOR."

Mr. Gardner and Miss Land met, and later she practically asked him to marry her and he agreed to the wedding being fixed for December 19. But before the date arrived he received the following postcard from her sister:—

Mr. Gardner—You must not come here any more. Keep away. You worry my sister, made her quite ill. I shall have some friends to live with us.—E. Land.

Counsel told the jury that he could not appeal to them on sentimental grounds, but defendant was getting on in years, and had to look to the future.

The Under-Sheriff: But all the affection was in the past here. (Laughter.) She had remained true to her first love, but he had not.

Counsel: If she was true to her first love, when she had an opportunity of entering into a contract for the remainder of her life she backed out of it.

The Under-Sheriff: That is after he had been married twice before.

Counsel suggested that the sister had played some part in preventing the wedding taking place.

His first words after being sworn were to correct counsel. "I am a little older than forty-five," he said; "in fact, I am sixty-nine." (Laughter.)

Counsel: That makes the case all the stronger, because it is a matter of more than 20 years ago still, who decidedly, when he enters into a contract of this kind, has a right to look forward to spending the remainder of his days in comfort.

"TALKED ABOUT CATS."

An extraordinary story was told in the course of the hearing yesterday in the Probate Court of a dispute concerning the will of a Miss Hilda Gregory, a Bromley solicitor's daughter, who inadvertently took an overdose of veronal, from the effects of which she eventually died.

A nurse said Miss Gregory was sane, but would always talk about cats.

Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., said he would call a mass of evidence to show that testatrix suffered from delusional insanity. He said:—

She hated her family.

When her father was ill she rattled tin cans and a bath outside his door.

She assaulted her mother and reduced her to a condition of terror about cats.

She refused food, and said her relations were starving her.

Pricking her finger, she spit the blood on the doors and in the beds saying her blood was in every room.

She destroyed her clothes.

She had threatened to drown herself in a tank.

The hearing was adjourned.

REAR-ADMIRAL'S TRAGIC END.

News has reached Cheltenham of the death of Rear-Admiral William John Grogan from drowning.

It is stated that he fell overboard from his ship. He retired from the Navy seven years ago, but recently offered his services to the Admiralty.

MEN IN NATION'S WORKSHOPS TO PUT FORTH ALL THEIR STRENGTH

Mr. Lloyd George's Appeal to Labour to Shorten War's Tale of Horror.

DISPUTES TO BE DECIDED WITHOUT STRIKES.

Government to Take Over Factories and Increase Output of War Munitions.

LIMIT TO PROFITS, BUT NONE TO PRODUCTION.

A conference of vital importance to the Empire's cause took place yesterday at the Treasury. Representatives of twenty-four trade unions connected with the various industries upon whose activity the nation is making enormous demands met Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, to discuss matters of importance to labour arising out of the recent decision of the Government to take steps to organise the resources of the country to meet naval and military requirements.

Mr. Lloyd George made a stirring appeal to his hearers, and emphasised the vital need for the co-operation of employers and employees in the duty of increasing the output of munitions of war.

He put two propositions before the meeting:—

1. That there should be a means, and a summary means, of settling disputes as they arise, without resort either to strikes or lockouts.
2. That there should be, during the duration of the war, a complete suspension, where necessary for the purpose of increasing the output, of all rules and regulations that have the effect of restricting the output.

Serious delay in the manufacture of war materials has been caused by excessive drinking among a minority of workmen.

To deal with this the Government were ready, said Mr. Lloyd George, to take "very strong action."

Among those present at the meeting were: Mr. Balfour, General Sir J. Wolfe Murray (Chief of the Imperial General Staff), Rear-Admiral Tudor (Third Sea Lord), Sir George Asquith, Mr. W. H. Beveridge, Mr. Isaac Mitchell and Mr. Shackleton.

CALLED TO AID BRITAIN IN HOUR OF NEED.

Country's Success in War Depends on Patriotism of British Workman.

Mr. Lloyd George, in opening the conference, said:—

The President of the Board of Trade and myself, on behalf of the Government, have invited you here to consider the general position in reference to the urgent need of the country in regard to the large and a larger increase in the output of munitions of war and the steps which the Government propose to take to organise the industries of the country.

You know that the position is a serious one. The duration of the war, and, therefore, its cost, not merely in money, but in lives and in suffering, and even the success of this country in the war, depend upon our increasing and accelerating the output of munitions of war.

LIFE SAVED BY SHELLS.

I have no doubt you have read the account of the battle which took place last week, which gives you a very good idea of what the increase in the output of munitions means.

The position for the attack was prepared by the most tremendous concentration of artillery fire that has probably been witnessed upon any given point during the whole of this war. What was the effect of that?

It was not merely to ensure success, but, what was equally important, its effect was to save the lives of British soldiers in the attack that was made.

The French told me in France, when I was there, that by a concentration of fire upon a particular point, they were able to achieve their purpose with one-tenth of the loss of life which they otherwise would have needed to accomplish that object.

So that, the turning out of munitions of war not merely means success, but it means the saving of lives.

That is why it is not merely urgent that we should get an increased output; it is urgent that we should accelerate it.

Every month that there is delay in the output may mean two or three months added to the duration of the war, with all its horror.

The Government have, therefore, decided to take action—namely, to proceed to action—in organising the industries of this country

Under the Defence of the Realm Acts we have the power to assume control or to take over any works in this country which are either turning out munitions of war or which are capable of being adapted for that purpose.

That is what I want to consult you about. Although we have the power, we cannot exercise it unless we have the complete co-operation of employers and workmen.

PROFITS TO BE LIMITED.

Above all, we propose to impose a limitation of profits, because we can quite see that it is very difficult to appeal to labour to relax restrictions and to put out the whole of its strength unless some condition of this kind is imposed.

The workmen of the country, I am perfectly certain, are prepared to put their whole strength into helping the war, so long as they know that it is the State that is getting the benefit of it, and that it does not merely redound to the profit of any particular individual or class.

Before we undertake the control and direction of the works and undertake the responsibility for them, we must have a complete understanding with the employers and the employed.

The understanding we must get with the employers is an understanding with regard to the limitation of profits, and an understanding that

WHAT DRINK IS DOING.

Referring to excessive drinking among a minority of workmen Mr. Lloyd George said the War Office and Admiralty had reported:—

Drink is interfering with the amount of the output, and gravely interfering with it. It is interfering with the transport.

Transport has been delayed where we are sending not merely munitions of war but necessities to our troops at the front.

whatever the State wants done there shall be done. Mr. Lloyd George continued:—

For the moment we are liable to have important work interrupted by labour disputes.

It is not a question of who is to blame there. The question is: How is the interruption of work to be prevented whilst you are settling the disputes?

We do not say that the workmen ought never to complain, or that the workmen ought never to ask for an increase of wages; that is not our point.

Our point is that during the time the questions at issue are being adjudicated upon the work shall go on.

The first proposition, therefore, which I shall put before you for your consideration is this:—

"With a view to preventing loss of production caused by disputes between employers and workpeople, no stoppage of work by strike or lockout should take place on work for Government purposes."

HOW TO SETTLE DISPUTES.

There are three suggestions which I put forward for the settlement of disputes:—

1. That a single arbitrator agreed upon by the parties appointed by the Board of Trade should adjudicate.
2. Committee on Production.
3. That a Court of Arbitration shall be set up upon which labour is represented equally with the employers.

I am very glad at this point to be able to give you good news from the Clyde.

I believe there has been a ballot on the Clyde, which began about a week ago, and I understand that, although the ballot is scarcely completed, the result is overwhelmingly in favour of accepting the Government's proposals for arbitration.

PROBLEM OF OUTPUT.

The second proposition is the suspension, where necessary, during the war, of restrictions of output.

The increase in output is so essential to us where we have to turn out munitions of war, not merely for ourselves, but to help our Allies, that I do hope you will assist us for the moment by suspending the operation of any rules or regulations which tend to diminish the output.

I know it is a very difficult question for you

to decide upon, but it is very, very important for the State at the present juncture.

There is the question of the number of machines which one man is permitted to attend to.

There is the question of the employment of semi-skilled labour, where, under normal conditions, you could not assent to it; and there is the question of the employment of female labour.

EXAMPLE OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

In the factories in France where munitions of war are made there is a very considerable employment of woman labour.

They are employing semi-skilled labour, where before the war the workmen would not have assented to it, and for the same reason as we are making an appeal here.

The French Government has shown that democracy, when put to the test, is quite equal to any strain placed upon it, and that is exactly what we have to prove in this country.

"VERY STRONG ACTION."

After stating excessive drinking on the part of a "minority" was "gravely interfering," according to War Office and Admiralty reports, with the amount of output in certain districts, Mr. Lloyd George continued:—

I think you will agree with me that that is a very disastrous thing to happen during the period of the war, and it involves very strong action on the part of the Government.

But we cannot take action effectively unless we have the support of the labour leaders throughout the country. I am sure we shall get it in whatever action we think necessary to apply to that state of things.

SECRET OF TRIUMPH.

The resources of this country are enormous; in fact, the resources of this country are greater than those of any other country in this war, and the ultimate triumph of the cause of the Allies will depend, I think, upon the way in which we mobilise the whole of those forces.

At the end of this war we shall either be the vassals of the German military caste, drunk with success, or we shall have broken militarism for ever.

It is because I realise as a democrat how very important that is, that I am making this appeal to the leaders of the workmen to assist us.

The President of the Board of Trade and myself will make exactly the same appeal to the employers.

That it is important for us to mobilise to the last the whole of our resources, so that we shall



Rear-Admiral Tudor. Sir J. Wolfe Murray. (Photographs by Elliott and Fry.)

be able as a nation, perfectly united, to march to a victory, which is essential, I can assure you, to human liberty.

LOYAL MEN OF CLYDE.

The Clyde engineers, it was announced last night, have decided by an overwhelming majority to submit the wages question to Government Arbitration Court. The official figures were: For arbitration, 5,616; against, 1,522.

THE KING AT ARSENAL.

The King, attended by Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener, visited the royal gun and carriage factories and the royal laboratory at Woolwich Arsenal yesterday.

His Majesty, states last night's Court Circular, was received by Major-General Sir S. B. von Donop and Sir H. F. Donaldson.



"The flying post." A man on a bicycle delivers the letters to the scattered detachments in France.

HEAVY GUNFIRE ON BRITISH FRONT.

French Capture Important Height and Mow Down German Guards Regiment.

AIR BOMBS ON OSTEND.

PARIS, March 17.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

To the north of Arras, in spite of a third counter attack, delivered by the enemy in the night of the 16th-17th, we have maintained our positions in the trenches which we captured on the edges of the height of Notre Dame du Lorette.

In the region of Albert, at Carnoy violent engagements have taken place around the cavity produced on the 15th of March by the explosion of a mine chamber.

In Champagne our successes have been brilliantly affirmed, and the enemy, in spite of all his efforts has not succeeded at any point in retaking even a portion of the captured ground.

To the north of Mesnil the position won yesterday, the 16th of March, is even more important than was indicated in the previous communiqué. We have, in fact, seized the military crest to the west of ridge No. 136, of a length of 300 yards and ground to the south on a breadth of 400 yards.

HUNS' VIOLENT ATTACK.

This advance gives us not only the height of ground, but, above all, looks over the northern side of the great ridge which stretches from Perthes to Maison-de-Champagne.

The enemy has well realised the importance of it, for in order to recapture the lost ground he attempted this morning one of the most violent of counter attacks.

The operation was conducted by a regiment of Landsturm with the Guards.

The Germans were literally mown down by our machine guns, and the few survivors regained their trenches followed up by our fire.—Central News.

PARIS, March 17.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

On the Yser the Belgian Army has made fresh progress and has repelled a German counter-attack.

On the British front there has been fairly violent artillery firing.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, March 17.—The Stius correspondent of the *Tijd* reports that British airmen have been again very active along the coast.

Last Monday morning a British air squadron appeared between Ostend and Knokke and dropped many bombs on Ostend.—Reuter.

TAUBE HURLS BOMBS AT BRITISH STEAMER.

Merchant Ship Escapes Damage by Skilful and Rapid Manoeuvring.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

SOUTH SHIELDS, March 17.—A thrilling story of an attack that was made on their ship by a German aeroplane was told by the crew of the British steamer *Blonde*, which arrived to-day in the Tyne.

The *Blonde* was three miles off the Foreland when she sighted the Taube. The British seaman was not at a loss as to how to deal with the situation. It was a struggle of wits between the sea captain and the air pilot, the one eluding and the other pursuing.

Two bombs were hurled at the steamer's bow. The steamer evaded them by a rapid turning movement. Two more were aimed at the stern. Again, with a quick movement, the steamer escaped.

The fifth bomb was aimed on the starboard side. But, as before, the steamer was so cleverly handled that the bomb fell harmlessly into the sea.

THREE SHIPS TORPEDOED

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement last night:—

The British steamship *Atlanta*, 519 tons, of Glasgow, was torpedoed by a German submarine off Inishurk about noon on March 14. The crew landed at Inishurk Island. The vessel is now in harbour.

The British steamship *Fingal*, 1,562 tons, of Leith, was torpedoed and sunk at 10.50 a.m. on March 15 off the Northumberland coast.

Twenty-one of the crew were landed at North Shields, but six lives are reported to have been lost, including the chief mate and the stewardess.

MASSUTS, March 17.—The British steamer *Leeward*, of the General Steam Navigation Co., from London for Harlingen, was torpedoed by the German submarine U 28, four miles off the Maas Lightship.

The crew of thirteen Englishmen and two Dutchmen were towed by the submarine to a Dutch pilot-boat, and landed at the Hook.—Reuter.

RIDDLED BY BULLETS.

G. 11914 B



There is a regular "hospital" for repairing motor-cars at the front, as so many of the vehicles get badly damaged. The picture shows bullet holes in a radiator.

DID THEY "PLAY THE GAME"?

G. 11914 B



German soldiers trying to play football behind the firing line. Fouls were probably frequent, as the Hun only regards rules as things to be broken.

ROLL OF HONOUR

P. 8050 J



Mr. H. Tyrwhitt-Drake, heir of the Drakes of Shardeloes, who has died in a Boulogne hospital. He was a private.

P. 2159 B



Sir E. H. W. Hulse, Bart. (Scots Guards), who has been killed in action. He was a grandson of Lord Burnham.

LADY PAGET'S ILLNESS.

P. 679.



Lady Paget, who is suffering from typhus fever. The attack, fortunately, is only a slight one. She is in charge of a Red Cross hospital in Serbia.—(Speaight.)

BOND STREET AT THE FRONT.

G. 331 E



Nearly every trench at the front has been given a name. This picture, for instance, is a view looking down Oxford-street, with Bond-street on the right.

Were you disappointed

last Sunday not to get the "Sunday Pictorial" owing to the enormous demand? If so, make certain next Sunday by giving your Newsagent an order to-day

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

24 FULL PAGES 1d.

No. 2.—ANOTHER WONDERFUL ISSUE.

Out on Sunday.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1915.

THE MARAUDERS.

THE OTHER DAY we came, in a populous street near Holborn, upon one of those now frequent patriotic or predatory bands of infants, armed with kettles and bits of fire-wood crossed in form of sword or musket; and it so happened that we witnessed a grave mutiny amongst the marauders against their leader, who wore (as usual) a paper cap.

He gave some order that was not approved of by the others, and these refused obedience. He at once struck the ringleader of the mutiny upon the head with his sword, which, being of slender wood, broke into two pieces against the infant's skull. Immediately the second lieutenant retorted by smiting the general on his head with a sheet of tin. The blow proved sufficient. The general succumbed howling, as mothers, fathers and friends gathered about; with, far off, slowly approaching, a policeman.

We suppose this constituted one of the infantile crimes, now said to be common in the London streets. Adult crime has diminished. The men are all at the war, killing one another according to the rules. Childish mischief, called crime if the child be of the "lower classes," increases. We have a London magistrate's word for it. And the cause is clear enough. Reverberations of the great war have come to those children, who live (as the Athenians did) a more or less public life—who find home for the most part too warm for them, and so are constrained to *agorise*, or wander, for discussion and conflict, into the open. The war, with its message of fighting, reaches them at their imitative age. They imitate as they best can. The spirit is well enough. It is the manner in which that spirit is manifested that is wrong. Martial ardour, undisciplined, leads daily to pilfering and fighting—to such painful human incidents as the mutinous blow upon the general's skull, administered with sheet-tin.

Obviously it is the great opportunity of the Scoutmaster. We want him to train and to use this energy of the streets. But now that we want him more than ever, we can have him less than usual; for he too is away and at the front, if fairly young. What authority would he retain over his boys were he to do nothing for the war? His assistant Scoutmasters, being younger, have gone also. The troop is in danger of getting "mouldy." It leaves true manly adventure and takes to piracy. Portions might conceivably break off from it and form these marauding bands. We do not anticipate revolution or boy-mob rule, or even serious robber-violence on the high roads. We merely think it a pity that mischief should get called crime because nobody is at hand to help the boys to help us at this time.

Here then is more than ever a chance for the elderly amongst Scoutmasters. We never needed the disciplining force of the admirable movement, so imaginatively conceived, more than we need it now. With proper intervention, that mutinous blow with a bit of tin might have been a useful blow against Britain's enemies—we mean, a boy's arm duly trained for some far conflict of the future. W. M.

FRIENDSHIP.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted;
Our love was nature, and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills.
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely dotted, asked not why it dotted,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear that unity was,
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for other's pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their starmy.
—HARTLEY COLETTOR (1849).

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

The Newest Order.

ANY doubting Thomasina who clings affectionately to the skirt of yesteryear should go and see the newest order of fashion as displayed by Margory Maude in the first act of "Searchlights" at the Savoy Theatre. Here the latest idol of the fickle goddess may be observed in Saxe blue setting closely round the slender hips of the pretty actress whose artistic ways are so reminiscent of her gifted mother, Winifred Emery.

Knitted Silk Coats.

SHE wears the new style with an air irresistible, pleading its cause in every clasp, and at the same time she gives encouragement to the continued patronage of the knitted silk coat.

Picturesque, but—

I WENT to a matinee the other day and found myself in a curious position. Just in front of me sat a stalwart and personable Indian officer. He was wearing a turban, one of those dome-like and beautiful affairs of khaki-coloured muslin. The proportions of this intricately-folded headpiece were rendered more imposing by a tall fan-shaped flap of the material that rose high over the central crown.

What Should She Do?

As a turban it was a success. It was becoming and perfect in outline. As a complete screen between my vision and the stage it was also a success. Now, what ought a poor victim (a woman, mark you) to do under such circum-

HOW THE WAR MAY INFLUENCE MEN'S FASHIONS.

WARS HAVE A WAY OF INFLUENCING FASHIONS. FOR INSTANCE THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN REVIVED THE FULL BEARD WHICH HAD BEEN DORMANT SINCE THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH



THE PRESENT WAR IS LIKELY TO GIVE US RUGGED, SERVICEABLE, WOOLLY FASHIONS



Nothing will be the same, people tell us, after the war. Even those apparently unalterable things, men's fashions, will be influenced by the great struggle.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

which is now obtainable in stripes and checks, hanging straightly or supplied with a fringed sash loosely knotted below the waist.

Loading the Fashions.

MRS. ASQUITH, as usual, is in the forefront of fashion's fight. I caught a glimpse of her last week as she was going to the Lindsay-Lascelles wedding. Her white cloth skirt swung full and free from her waist to the tops of neat boots that had white suede or cloth tops and shiny leather ramps. Her hat was small and set askew on her head, and she looked wonderfully alert and vivid.

That Useful Sense of Humour.

The Prime Minister's wife has a gift for being, or appearing to be, interested in other people. I remember going to a drawing-room meeting at Downing-street one day when she had to talk to all manner of obviously uninspiring people; yet she never permitted herself to look bored, although I have a shrewd suspicion her sense of humour helped to keep that rather bird-like look of quick intelligence alive in her eyes.

stances? Should she complain to the management, or delicately tap the Indian warrior on the shoulder and say, "Will you kindly remove your hat?"

The Hero.

ANOTHER "hard case," of which I am also a victim. In the Park the other day I saw a young man of my acquaintance limping painfully and leaning on a stick. He disappeared from my view a few months ago, therefore at once I leapt to conclusions—a wounded warrior—ready sympathy—hero worship—it all came into my heart and brain as I went up to him, shook him warmly by the hand and murmured something about hoping that he had not had a very bad time and was getting on all right.

Not the German Bullets, Though.

"Oh, yes, I'm better now," was his reply. "But I was rotten luck that I should get rheumatic gout last summer. I've been laid up ever since." Now what ought I to have done under such circumstances? As a matter of fact, I said something about being in a hurry and went off as if I had been shot. A nasty jar! What would you have said?

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

PARENT AND CHILD.

Praise for the Mothers and Fathers Who Brought Up Our Brave Men.

LOVE IN POVERTY.

WHO HAVE provided the bulk of our soldiers and sailors—why, parents, who certainly would never have married if they had paused to think whether they could afford to do so.

When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window is the saying, but this is not by any means true. Some of the poorest people who love one another are very happy and bring up their children to be good citizens and good workmen for the nation. There is another saying that the Almighty never closes a door against a decent person, but He opens another, and this is true, too, especially in the case of good parents.

K. C.

THE SOLDIER'S PARENTS.

THREE CHEERS for the parents of our soldiers. Mothers and fathers who have brought up their boys to lead clean lives are as well deserving of the nation's gratitude as the boys themselves now fighting our battles for us. This is no time to decry the honourable marriages that help us to own such men.

PATRIOT.

Sloane-street, S.W.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

THERE CAN be little doubt that many women have not acted patriotically during this war. Some of them seem only anxious to turn this terrible period into a gigantic marriage feast in order to gratify their inordinate vanity to become "war brides."

Cannot women understand that they have no right to force marriage upon young soldiers leaving for the front just to satisfy their selfish ambition? There is a time for everything, and the present is not the time for courtship and marriage; but as women, like Nero, flit while Rome burns.

OBSERVER.

"SPURIOUS LOVE."

LET us hope that "Unmarried" recognises the fact that his parents (whom he professes to have revered so much) must have been guilty of "the spurious love that leads to marriage."

Was their love "but a tawdry imitation, with the gilt worn off, standing revealed as a compound of folly, passion and infatuation?"

If not, why should anybody else's be? G. S.

THE KING'S UNIFORM.

I AM GLAD to see that a protest has been made against children being dressed in the King's uniform.

It is quite time this abuse was stopped.

Let no hero encourage their sons by all means to do the "kilt" when they are of an age to understand.

It seems at present that the mothers' one idea is to try and attract the public's attention to their "darling baby boy." "Doesn't he look sweet?" While Thomas Atkins, Esq., passes unnoticed.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 17.—Early-flowering bulbs are now growing quickly—indeed, a few of the first daffodils are already in bloom. Beds of bulbs should now be freed from all dead leaves and rubbish, the soil being then carefully stirred. This will promote healthy growth. There is still just time to plant April-flowering subjects, such as arabis, aubrietia, cums, wallflowers, double daisies, yellow sun, polyanthus, primroses and forget-me-nots, but the work should be completed as early as possible.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-MORROW.

'Tis so easy to get away from to-morrow, to be wise—all alone. The hard thing is to be wise with life, with those you love, with your elbow.—Eden Philpotts.

SERBIA MAKES HER PRISONERS USEFUL.

9-11909



When the Austrians were routed in Serbia our Allies took many prisoners, for whom work has to be found, and the picture shows a gang of these captives unloading corn and flour at a store at Nish. The Government

has now taken over the whole of the country's food and controls its distribution. The prisoners, therefore, can be made very useful when large quantities have to be handled.

GOING INTO CAMP.

9-15466



has "enlisted" in the 2nd Sportsman's Battalion as its mascot, and marched with the men to the City yesterday. He is glad to be going into the country, much preferring the country to the town.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SERBIAN TELLS OF HIS SUFFERINGS.

9-11908 H



A soldier talking to a family of Serbians on the roadside at Nish. The civil population of Serbia has had to suffer terribly as the result of the war. When the Austrians invaded their territory they wantonly laid waste everything that came in their way, and committed terrible outrages, a list of which was recently published.

MADE A K.C.M.G.

9-4165



Major-General the Hon. Julian Byng, made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for bravery in the field.

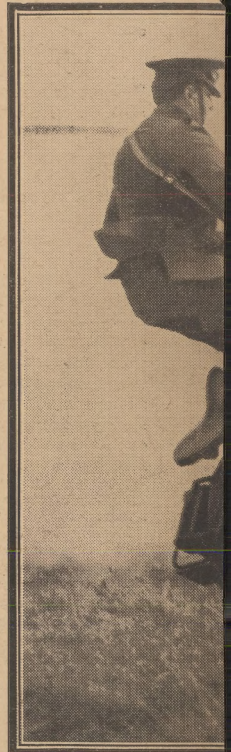
FAMOUS WAR ARTIST.

9-2243



Paris is full of interesting people just now, and the picture shows Mr. Frederic Villiers, the famous war artist, explaining a sketch to Lord Castlerosse. Mr. Villiers served as a war artist as far back as 1876, and has been through many campaigns.

"BUCK-JUM"



He makes hi



He tears full

Remarkable feats are performed by these cyclists, who are playing a part in the formation of many acts.

IN THE BRI



The British lion catches a Zeppelin with his teeth. The lion taming troupe is a famous act.

"CYCLE."



ugh the water.
ne British military motor-
n this war. They have per-
uous gallantry.

ON'S JAWS.



is massive jaws and crushes
onnet of an Admiralty anti-
ar.

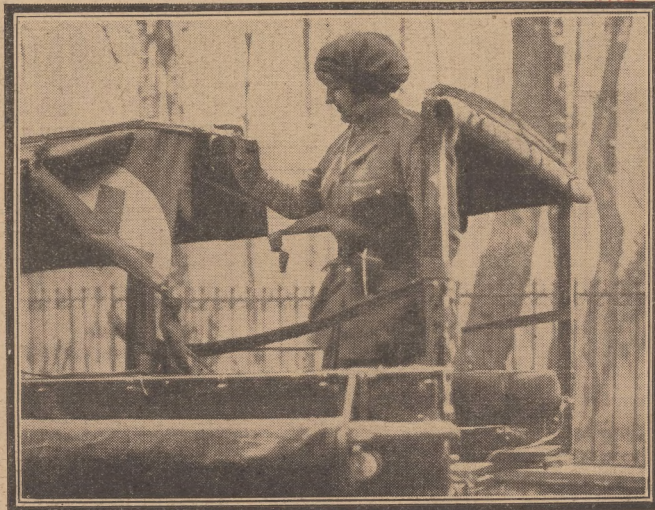
"EYE-WITNESS" PAYS A VISIT TO PARIS.



Everyone reads Colonel Swinton nowadays, and he has a public which must make many a novelist envious. He is the man who writes such bright and graphic narratives about the war, concealing his identity

under the signature of "Eye-Witness." The first picture shows Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare) waiting with friends for the Colonel in Paris. In the second picture he has arrived. He has his hand in his pocket.

GIRL CHAUFFEUR'S NARROW ESCAPE.



A motor-ambulance belonging to the British Red Cross which was hit by a shell. It went right through the tarpaulin covering, but failed to explode. The driver of the car is a nurse, who is looking to see how much damage has been done. Many women are acting as chauffeurs in various parts of the war area.

"TOMMY'S" NEW DRINK.



A British soldier buys a drink from a picturesque street vendor in Cairo. These men sell water, which is flavoured with a little fruit syrup—a very refreshing and palatable drink on a warm day after a long march.

NURSE UNDER FIRE.



Mrs. McDougall, of the Nursing Yeomanry Corps, who works in the trenches. She has just had special leave to get married.—(Kate Pragnell.)

AN ELDERLY SWAIN.



Mr. William Henry Gardner, of Paddington, a grey-haired old man of sixty-nine, who brought a breach of promise yesterday. The jury thought he was only entitled to a farthing. The defendant, Fanny Line, said to be fifty-two.



It is splendid to feel so strong & well again after that terrible Influenza Weakness.



New Life replaces Influenza Weakness

'Wincarnis' is wonderful for Influenza weakness, because the life-giving power of 'Wincarnis' speedily banishes that terrible weakness. Influenza leaves behind, and replaces it with a feeling of new strength and new life. And it does it so quickly. You can actually feel 'Wincarnis' doing you good—you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new life and new vitality. And this is the reason. 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. It creates new strength—and at the same time, new vitality—and at the same time, new blood—and at the same time, new nerve force. You obtain this four-fold benefit from every wineglassful. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'

WINGARNIS

is the one thing you need if you are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down"—if you cannot sleep—if you are a martyr to Indigestion—or are low-spirited or "out-of-sorts." Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Take advantage of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers you.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Grocers and Chemists sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle? But be sure you get 'Wincarnis.' Don't trust imitations.

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good

Free Trial Coupon

Goleman & Co. Ltd., W248, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

"D.M." 18/3/15.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Gibbs's Painting Competition Prizes for Boys and Girls

Come along Boys and Girls, enter for our easy, interesting painting competition. There are 90 valuable prizes (Guineas, Half Sovereigns, Bracelets, Penknives) to be won every month until July. Everyone stands a chance to win. Ask your Chemist for particulars, or if you will write to us direct, enclosing 2d. in stamps, we will send you particulars and also

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Gibbs's Dentifrice, Cold Cream Soap and Shaving Soap.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 3 G), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.

Gibbs's Dentifrice

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Like a Breeze in the Mouth



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ONE CUP OF TEA IN EVERY FOUR CONSUMED

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LYONS' TEA

BETTER THAN EVER MOST ECONOMICAL Therefore THE CHEAPEST

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SHOPKEEPERS SELL IT.

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Unredeemed Pledge Sale. Special Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.

SENT POST FREE 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.

Don't Delay Write at Once. IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS. Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c. Field Glass List Now Ready. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

12/6 Field, Race, or Marine Glass (by Lefebvre); powerful Bifocal, as used in Army and Navy; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yds.; wide field; saddle made silver case; week's free trial; bargain, 12/6; approval.
32/6 Powerful Bifocal Field or Marine Glasses, as supplied H.M. for King of Greece; great magnificent power (by Lumiere); most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; brilliant field of view; in solid leather sling case; week's free trial; great bargain, 32/6; approval before payment.
12/9 Baby's Long Clothes, supreme quality, magnificent parcel, 40 articles; everything required; exquisite embroidered American Robes, &c.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; 12/9; approval.
10/6 Hunter Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also Double Carb Albert, same quality; long service; complete bargain, 10/6; approval.
4/9 Lady's Necklace, Heart Pendant attached, set filled, in velvet case; bargain, 4/9; approval before payment.
10/6 Gent's Double Carb Albert, 18-ct. Gold Expanding Watch Bracelet, 100 approval.
12/6 Lady's choice 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet, 100 approval.
21/- Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Bracelet, fit any wrist; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21/6; approval.
19/9 Superior quality Blankets; magnificent parcels containing 10 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; 19/9; approval before payment.
49/6 Gent's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch, 18-ct. Gold-cased Expanding Watch (R. Stanton, London); jewelled movement, timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 49/6; approval.
8/6 Gent's 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, with radioluminescent figures and hands, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; lever movement; timed to a minute a month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 8/6; approval.
21/- Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch; jewelled movement, exact time-keeper; richly engraved; 18 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21/6; approval.
3/9 Also Lady's handsome Solid Gold long Watch Guard; great bargain, 3/9; approval before payment.
3/9 Lady's Solid Gold Solitaire Fashion Diamond Ring, (any set); 3/9; approval before payment.
22/6 Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Wristlet, with luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 22/6; approval.
14/6 Real Russian Fur's very choice and cable brown; extra long Buckingham Stole, richly set in lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads; large Muff matching; together, bargain, 14/6; approval before payment.
DAVIS & CO. (Dept. Pawnbrokers, 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.



WHAT A PENNY BUYS.

Eggs cost 2d. or 2½d. nowadays. A penny—half the price of an egg—will pay for enough

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

to make a delicious two-pint pudding,

without any eggs at all!

With milk at 4d. a quart, the whole costs only 5d.—a nourishing pudding for 5 or 6 people. This recipe and others in every packet.

Every penny buys as much Corn Flour as ever. Brown & Polson's Corn Flour is always in stock in 1 lb., ½ lb., and ¼ lb. packets. Ask your Grocer.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, I.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour. By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"



New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.
SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.
LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.
FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself. Just lately the lazy serenity has been buffed by one or two little disturbing elements. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.
 His reflection is interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an arm-chair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.
 "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.
 "Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him."
 "He doesn't care two straws about it—it's only the money he's after..." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.
 Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver. To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you ask me. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. He's at the Fronting's dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."
 At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.
 Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her attachment with him.
 Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give the word that he will say nothing.

When walking one day Montague suddenly sees Chatterton in the distance. He sees Sonia enter, but not only keeps it to himself, but lies and says that Richard has come to America. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.
 Indiscreetly old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard had enlisted. They all go down to Burvale, where there is a great deal of excitement. The battalion is off to the front. He dashes back to town to try and see him off, but just misses him.

"SPECIAL LICENCE."
 OLD Jardine kept his word to Sonia, and was back at Burvale in time for dinner that night.

Lady Merriam, who had been waiting for him eagerly, rushed downstairs when she heard his voice in the hall.
 "Well—well!"
 He looked past her towards the staircase apprehensively. "Sonia! Is she—"
 Her ladyship shook her head impatiently.
 "She's not anywhere about; she's gone off somewhere with Montague. Well, did you see him?"

No, he'd gone; left early this morning."
 Old Jardine's voice was gruff. Lady Merriam knew how disappointed he was and tried to comfort him. But he only stayed another day; he could not stand seeing Sonia with Montague.
 Sonia drove him to the station in the car. Montague refused to go, but he walked leisurely along the road by which he knew Sonia must return to meet her. He was perfectly happy as he strolled along waiting for the sound of the returning car.
 A less confident man might have been rather damped by the change in Sonia's face when he saw him, and the almost reluctant way in which she applied the brakes.
 He got into the front seat beside her smilingly.
 "You didn't expect to see me," he queried.
 "No," She started the car again, more slowly now.
 "Old Jardine got off all right?"
 "Yes."
 The monosyllables were not encouraging.
 (Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"I've been waiting to have a little talk with you alone for days, Sonia," Montague went on; his voice was low and his face a little nearer to hers. "It's about our marriage; there's nothing to wait for. Supposing I run up to town to-morrow and get a special licence?"
 Sonia's clasp tightened convulsively on the wheel, for a moment she could think of nothing to say. Montague's sudden proposal had taken her breath away; unconsciously she shrank a little from him.

You mustn't be so impatient," she said, trying to speak lightly. "We've been engaged such a short time; people will talk, and—"
 "Let them. What do I care? And this is a time of short engagements. Every day one hears of an engagement and the date of the wedding announced at the same time. What have we to wait for? You have no people to consult."
 "I have Lady Merriam, and I promised her to wait three months. She has been so good to me; I should hate to annoy her."
 She spoke a little breathlessly; Montague frowned.

"Your objections are rather pointless," he said, trying to keep the disagreeable tone from his voice. "Unless Lady Merriam and her wishes are more to you than mine. At present I find the situation intolerable. I never get you to myself, thanks to that old idiot Jardine; he dislikes me and takes no trouble to hide the fact."
 "I thought he was very nice to us both."

"Nice! It was all a pose. He's as artful as a barrowload of monkeys. Sonia, am I nothing to you that you refuse to do as I wish? Are you always going to adopt this attitude?"
 "I am not adopting any attitude—not consciously. But we must think a little of appearances; it is you who will not do as I wish."
 She felt as if she were fighting for her life; if she had been brave enough to speak the truth she would have blurted out:

"I don't want to marry you. I don't want to be married at all. Let us end it all here and now. I am sorry if I have hurt you or disappointed you." But she could not say this. How could she possibly admit that twice in so short a time she had made a mistake. First Richard and now this man—his friend.

Montague glanced at her averted profile and something in his quiet decision enraged him. He leaped back away from her.
 "If this is your last word, Sonia, you leave me no option. I cannot stay here. Lady Merriam is almost rude to me. I am in an entirely false position..."

He looked gratified. He had meant to rouse her from her indifference, and believed he had succeeded.
 "But I am—" he insisted more gently.

"People look upon me as a usurper, instead of the man you have chosen of your own free will. Marry me and let the whole world know that I am your choice. That is all I ask of you..."
 "If you will not..."

"Then I think it will be better if we do not meet again just for the present. You must admit that I have been patient and have put up with your best friend for your sake. I quarrelled with my best friend..."

She turned now, a little flush in her cheeks. "Francis! What do you mean?"
 "Exactly what I say," he answered, coolly.

"Chatterton and I were bosom friends till we quarrelled over you. It was unfortunate, but unavoidable. The night of that Red Cross dance..." he broke off, shrugging his shoulders. "Well, Chatterton knew, and he told me that your real direction exactly what he thought of me. If it hadn't been for your friend Jardine, there would have been a nice little scandal going round by this time..."

"What do you mean?" asked Sonia shrilly; her face angry.
 "Just what I say, my dear," answered Montague calmly. "Chatterton had knocked me down when Jardine appeared on the scene..."

His face darkened. If I hadn't been lame I would have paid him back in interest, I promise you," he added in an ugly voice.
 "Richard knocked you down! Oh, no!"

Sonia's voice rose agitatedly. "Oh, he would never have done such a thing!"
 "Ask Jardine if you don't believe me, and apparently you do not."

She drove some way in distressed silence; presently—
 "Well," said Montague. "What have you to say to me? We are nearly back home, and then I suppose Lady Merriam will swoop down upon us and I shan't have another moment with you alone this evening. It's got to be one thing or another, Sonia; either you marry me, or we separate for a time. Perhaps if you don't see me for a week or two you may be able to make up your mind whether you wish to marry me or not."

"How unkind you are! If I hadn't wished to, do you suppose I should have done all I have?"
 "Heaven only knows!" Montague ejaculated impatiently. "I give it up."

But he was feeling decidedly more cheerful; he believed that he had only to play indifference to win her back again; he recalled pleasantly how—on another occasion—before they were engaged, he had stayed away from her, and with what result!

He laid his hand on her lap.
 "Well, sweetheart, what is it to be?"
 "I will marry you in three months' time."

"Three months is an eternity; anything may have happened by then."
 "The time will fly..."

He took his hand away.

"That is your final answer!"
 "I am afraid it must be. Oh, Francis, don't be unkind!"
 He did not seem to have heard this little tremulous appeal; the ugly scowl had settled again on his forehead; he did not speak till they reached the house.

Sonia heard him ask one of the servants to look him up a train to London. She paused in dismay as she was mounting the stairs.
 "You are not going to-night, Francis!"
 He answered without looking at her. "I am afraid I must."

She went on her way slowly; on the landing she paused outside Lady Merriam's room. Then she tapped softly at the door; she felt miserable and undecided; she wanted someone else to hear what was happening.

"Come in!" called Lady Merriam sleepily.
 She was ensconced on a couch drawn near to the fire when Sonia entered; she still looked half asleep.

Sonia closed the door and went forward.
 "Francis is going back to town to-night," she said, with a little catch in her breath. She gave a shaky laugh. "I'm not sure," she went on, with a touch of whimsicality, "but I believe we were quarrelled. He wanted to get a special licence and be married at once, and when I refused he said he thought it would be better if I didn't see him for a week or two. Oh, Lady Merriam, what do you think I ought to do?"

"Let him go," said her ladyship promptly.
 "Do him good! Of course you can't be married yet; it wouldn't be decent."

"I'm so glad you think so," said Sonia. She looked relieved. "I am afraid he is really very angry," she added guiltily.
 Lady Merriam held out her hand.

"Come here, child." She took Sonia's soft fingers in her kindly clasp and drew the girl closer. "Why haven't you the courage to tell him the truth?" she asked.

"The truth!" Sonia echoed the words dully.
 "What do you mean?"

"That you don't want to marry him; that it's all been a mistake."

Sonia dragged her hand free. "A feverish colour tinged her cheeks."
 "But I am going to marry him; I promised, and I must."

Lady Merriam raised her brows.
 "Don't you know yet why a woman's promise is like a pie-crust, my dear?" she asked, dryly.

Sonia did not answer.

WHAT SONIA SAW.

AND Montague went back to London by the last train that night. He carried out his plan of campaign admirably. Had Sonia really cared for him, and this had been an ordinary lover's tiff, he would have won her back easily; but as it was—her only emotion was relief.

He was smiling and cheerful on the last moment; he was confident in his heart that twenty-four hours' neglect would bring Sonia to the realisation that she wanted him; he believed that he would be married in a few days at the most. He did not make the least effort to get her alone even for a moment; he pressed her hand and told her that he would write. It might have been the parting of ordinary friends.

Sonia slept better that night than she had done since she came to Burvale; she woke in the morning with a sense of relief. It was something to know herself free to spend the day as she pleased. She put on her old stock and thick boots and went for a good tramp in the country.

She had meant to try and think the whole situation out, but she hardly gave it a thought. Certainly she did not once wonder what Montague was doing with himself in London.

"Really, it's very quiet without any men about," Lady Merriam complained at lunch;

(Continued on page 13.)

PAINLESS REMOVAL OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Superfluous hair, the bane of every woman whose features are disfigured by hairy growths on lips and chin, can be quickly and painlessly removed in a few minutes by the use of Sulthine depilatory, a French product stocked by most chemists, but if yours hasn't it he can quickly make it up for you himself by mixing 4 drams sulthine concentrate with 24 drams zinc oxide and 1 dram powdered orris root. For use mix a little of the powder into a paste on a plate by adding a few drops of water. Apply with a narrow knife blade and remove at the end of two minutes with the back of the blade. If you will do this occasionally, even your closest friends will never know that you suffer from this objectionable disfigurement.—(Adv.)

All Children Ficolax

Ficolax is the most effective remedy for constipation and the most suitable aperient for children of all ages. Its action is perfectly natural, with no griping or pain and no disagreeable after-effects.

Children like the delicious flavour of Fi-co-lax, and take it readily.

Mrs. Cooper, Southwell, writes:—"There is nothing to equal Ficolax. We have never known anything like it as a remedy for that distressing complaint—constipation."

Give your Children



Ficolax

The Original Fruit Laxative

Sold in Bottles 1/3, Family size 2/9. Of all Chemists, The Ficolax Co., 39, Graham Street, London, N.



Think of your Complexion

before going out on a boisterous day, think of the after effects of the biting wind and raw atmosphere on it—the discomfort and disfigurement—unless precautions are taken beforehand.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

applied regularly to the face and hands is the most efficient safeguard against injury to the complexion from keen weather. It prevents and removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., and keeps the skin in perfect condition all the year round.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/- and 2/6.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

Pale Complexions
 may be greatly improved by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

**Two Happy People.**

I had a long talk with two happy men yesterday; one was the editor, the other the publisher of the *Sunday Pictorial*. They were happy, though busy. I don't think I ever saw a busier man than the publisher. But to the editor first. He told me that Number 2 of

Mr. Austin Harrison, the first Sunday picture paper we have seen is—to use a nursery phrase—to knock Number 1 into a cocked hat. And then he told me about Mr. Austin Harrison's new article, among other things.

"Is More Than One Wife the Solution?"

For Number 2, Mr. Harrison has written on the subject of "Is more than one wife the solution?" I read the article, and I think you will like it as much as I did. It is splendid. Mr. Harrison has a masterly touch, and can write of serious subjects in a way that appeals to everybody.

They Want More.

As for the publisher, he was almost hidden under an avalanche of letters. There were letters from every part of the United Kingdom ordering increased supplies of the next issue of the *Sunday Pictorial*. The circulation was over 1,000,000 last week. Next week—well, publishers, too, are secretive people.

Be Wise and Order.

But that avalanche of letters in the publisher's office bore out the impression I gained early last Sunday morning, when I saw everybody reading the *Sunday Pictorial*. And that is that it is the paper we have all been waiting for. And now it has come we are all going to buy it. And lest I should miss my copy at breakfast next Sunday morning I have ordered one already. Have you? If not, do. There will be a terrific rush for it, and you may be disappointed.

My Shamrock.

Of course you wore the shamrock yesterday. I did. A beautiful lady, with wonderful Irish eyes—the sort you know they used to say were put in with sooty fingers—just told me that I'd be disgraced if I didn't wear it "to-day," and—I didn't argue.

Blarney, Real Blarney.

And while I was choosing a dainty sprig—"all straight from Ireland, that's why some of it looks a little wilted," there was the touch of the blarney, stone in her voice—up came a soldier lad to buy his sprig.

An Unknown Tongue.

And he said something in a strange tongue, and the pretty lady replied in the same strange language—only it sounded prettier when she said it—then they both laughed and talked more of the "outlandish" words and laughed more and "Tommy" saluted and departed.

The Proof.

"Irish?" I queried, when he had gone. And my pretty lady said "Yes." And I went my way satisfied at least that I had bought my shamrock from a real daughter of Erin.

A Superior Sprig.

And I was superior, in fact, all the rest of the day, because of the undoubted genuineness of the little sprig of green that adorned my buttonhole. It wasn't everyone who had bought a shamrock from a real Irish maid who spoke the old tongue.

The Stage—The War.

Many soldiers well known in theatrical circles—among them Lieutenant-Colonel Du Maurier, D.S.O., and Mr. Lionel Mackinder—have already laid down their lives in this war. It is now announced that Captain A. H. Wood, who on leaving the Army went on the music-hall stage, has now come back to the active list, and will rank as major.

Sir Evelyn's Son.

He is a son of the famous Field-Marshal Lord Evelyn, of Wood, V.C., and has already seen service on the Indian frontier and in Africa. One of the commanders of the force who will take a battalion to the Sudan, Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, who was a soldier-war relinquished a part with the 1st Buffs, and is now in the 1st Buffs. This will be his fourth

"Ever Been Had?"

"Ever Been Had?" asks the title of the new revue at the New Middlesex. The answer, as far as I am concerned, is in the negative. I went to see the show on Tuesday night, and I liked it.

Whistling Nap.

There is a lot of fun and dancing in it, and a procession of pretty dresses, and the game of whistling nap. Have you ever played it? A most expensive game, and a quiet one. You go and see.

"The Scrap."

It had to come, and when I heard two men speaking of "a scrap" and a "half scrap" I knew it had arrived. I mean a popular name for the—still new—pound and ten shilling notes.

We Must Nickname Them.

Few of us ever spoke of a sovereign in the pre-paper days. It was a "quid" or "jiminy" or some other sobriquet. The five pound note has ever been the "five"; the ten pound note "the tenner," and I thought at one time the one pound note might become the "oner," its little red brother, perhaps, the "halfer."

Will It Live?

But no. "Scrap" appears to be the first nickname for the new money. I wonder if it will live!

Don't Take Too Much.

Beware of ammoniated quinine—or, rather, of how you take it. Just now, with so many colds drifting about, it is very popular. But it is not to be taken lightly.

He Did.

A friend of mine, an official in a high quarter, thought he would throttle an embryo cold with a stiff dose. The same night he thought that he was dying. A doctor was hurriedly sent for, and when my friend had recovered someone the doctor told him that he had had quite a narrow squeak. The stuff had got into his system and his heart was badly upset. It was four days before he entirely recovered.

"Footwoman."

It seems that Lady Randolph Churchill is not the first woman to employ "footwomen" in place of footmen. I was lunching yesterday with a woman who has known most things about social foibles and fads for many years, and she told me that the idea was by no means new.

A Masculine Livery.

"But the livery idea is good, and very smart it looks, too," she admitted. "Lady Randolph Churchill, you will remember, has designed a distinctive dress for her 'footwomen,' a dress that embodies many of the features of a manservant's livery."

Rosalind Lady Carlisle's Idea.

"The idea of substituting 'footwomen' for men for waiting, at table and opening the door belongs originally, I believe, to Rosalind Lady Carlisle, the present Lord Carlisle's grandmother, and the clever, versatile lady who presented a Rubens to the National Gallery in May, 1914, and the Castle Howard Mabuse a short while before."

Menservants Tabooed.

"Years ago she tabooed menservants and employed, instead of footmen, parlourmaids, for whom she designed a neat livery. Lady Pirrie is another person who does not care for menservants, and at Downshire House, Belgrave square, guests find themselves waited upon by neatly-attired maids."

**Lady Pirrie.**

Lady Pirrie is certainly one of the most popular hostesses in Ireland, and one always much to the fore, by the way, in St. Patrick's Day celebrations. She was a Miss Margaret Montgomery Carlisle, daughter of the prominent Belfast professor, Lord Pirrie, of course, is the famous shipbuilder, of Harland and Wolffs.

My Paris Gossip.

I had a long letter from my Paris Gossip yesterday. He tells me that Paris is much more like itself now than it has been for many months past. Of course, there is no suggestion of "Paris as usual" yet, but things are shaking down and the adaptable Parisian is fitting himself in to war conditions.

"The Telephone is Working."

"During the past few days I have seen this notice, 'Le téléphone fonctionne,' in the windows of shops all over the city," he says. "The explanation is significant." At the moment of the crisis, when the German hordes were making for Paris with giant strides, the situation became so grave that thousands of the citizens abandoned the capital.

Economy.

"Among those who remained in Paris, numerous tradesmen neglected to renew their subscriptions to the telephone. It costs £16 a year, and in these days a quarter's subscription is worth economising."

"No Reply—Call Again."

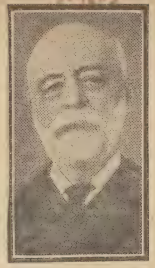
"Frequently, since the war began, when I have rung up friends I have had the reply from the exchange: 'On ne répond pas,' or 'Le service est interrompu,' which is a polite way of saying the subscriber has not paid his quarter, and you cannot communicate with him. But now, after seven months of the campaign, those who were frightened away by the Germans have returned. 'Le téléphone fonctionne.'"

"Some" Man.

"I looked in at Ciro's the other afternoon for a cup of tea. I was accompanied by a khaki-clad Oxford undergrad, who had enlisted as a dispatch-rider when hostilities began. He stands 6ft. 4in., and his long legs were encased in seven-leagued boots, which made him look like a fisherman. The Parisian ladies were greatly taken with his towering height, and as he passed through the restaurant I heard one exclaim admiringly, 'Voilà un homme!'"

A Miner's M.P.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. John Wilson, the miners' M.P. for Mid-Durham, is critically ill. The story of Mr. Wilson's life is a romance. The son of a labourer at Stanhope, he was sent to work in the quarries there when ten years old. He has lived to become one of the most respected members of the House of Commons.

**Mr. John Wilson, M.P.****Called a "John Bright."**

A man of rare intellectual power, calm, logical, shrewd, Mr. Wilson has been a tower of strength to the Durham miners. As a speaker he has had few rivals on the back benches, and on more than one occasion his eloquence has been likened to John Bright's. Mr. Wilson is seventy-eight years of age.

Lots of Wilsons.

What a number of Wilsons, by the way, there are in Parliament! I find there are no fewer than seven. These are Mr. Stanley Wilson, the Hon. Guy Wilson, Mr. John Wilson, Mr. J. W. Wilson, Sir Matthew Wilson, Captain Leslie Wilson and Mr. Tyson Wilson, three of them Liberals, three Unionists and one a Labourite.

Sad.

Here is the latest from the camps. A private of the Buffs was brought before his commanding officer and charged with swearing. "He's been up for a similar offence before," commented the C.O. to the witness in the case, adding, "I suppose he's incorrigible." "Yes, sir," assented the witness. "He's got the horful 'abit of hopening 'is mouth and letting it say what it likes."

Dear Mr. Atkins.

My football fund is closed, I'm sorry. If any come along I will, of course, send them on. THE RAMBLER.

Try this famous Skin Remedy FREE



Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when doctors, hospitals and ointments utterly fail. Thousands whose lives were one long martyrdom owing to cruel eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by rash or ugly spots, and victims of bad legs, tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema. To-day not a single sign of their skin illness remains.

The most amazing thing about Antexema is the immediate relief it gives. One minute you are tortured beyond endurance, but the moment you apply Antexema the inflamed spot is cooled and soothed, the horrible itching stops, and soon your skin is the 'roughly well again.

Antexema is prepared in our own laboratory from a well-known physician's prescription, and it cures bad legs, eczema, rashes, blotches, pimples, bad hands, and every other skin illness of children and adults.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis and Burrows' at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.—Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

"Daily Mirror," 18/3/15.

For Aches, Pains & Sprains

Have you a sprain, swollen joint, or ache or pain? If so, apply Chameleon Oil and away goes the pain. It is marvellous stuff. No hard rubbing necessary—gently does it. Should be in every home, and every footballer, athlete, and runner should keep a bottle handy. Hardly a day it is not needed. Of all chemists and stores, 1/11 and 2/9, or post-free 1/3 and 2/9 from the Chameleon Oil Co., Jeffreys Place, London, N.W. All horse, dog, and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2/- and 4/3), which locates and cures lameness and disease.

Get Chameleon Oil



Economy with Enjoyment



In war time real economy is needed in every home. The one and only H.P. Sauce gives a delicious flavour to everything, it helps to use up anything—and wastes nothing—besides it's British.

H.P. is full of good fruits and spices—so perfectly blended that there is no sediment and it requires no shaking—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

Large bottles 6d.

From Grocers Everywhere.

HANDS COVERED WITH RED RASH

Itching and Burning Unbearable. So Disfigured Hands a Misery. Cuticura Completely Healed.

15, Myddleton-square, Clerkenwell, London, E.C. Eng.—"I had a rash on my arm. Later it went away, returning the following spring on the backs of my hands and appearing each spring since then, gradually spreading until nearly the whole of my hands were covered. It caused intense itching and burning, almost unbearable. Besides this, my hands were so disfigured. My hands were indeed a misery to me. After washing with ordinary toilet soaps the itching increased considerably. I then bought some Cuticura Soap and a tin of Cuticura Ointment, and after they were used my hands were completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Ernest E. Brown, July 15, 1914.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST

With 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse-square, London. Sold through the world.

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

EASY TO MAKE AND COSTS LITTLE.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed.

Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive. The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parmit (double strength), about 2s. 6d. worth, take this home and add to it 4-pint of hot water, two tablespoonful of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Adv.)

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Continued from page 11.)

"But it's nice to be alone for a little, all the same," her ladyship resumed. "I only hope you don't want me to go making calls with you, or anything unpleasant like that, as I've promised myself a real good snooze this afternoon." "I haven't any calls to make," Sonia laughed. "There's only the vicar, and we can drop in there any time without waiting for an 'At home' day."

She spent the afternoon alone, and by the evening she, too, was beginning to find the house rather quiet.

The feeling got worse during the day or two following. Sonia had not once heard from Montague beyond a short note thanking her for her hospitality, and not by any stretch of the imagination could one construe its formality into a love letter.

She was a little piqued, in spite of herself; he had worshipped at her shrine for so long she did not quite like the sudden change. Once she sat down to write to him, but changed her mind. It was while she was sitting undecided at her desk that Lady Merriam came into the room; she held an open letter in her hand.

"This is from Jardine, Sonia. He wants us to run up to town for a couple of days. He's got tickets for a matinee in aid of the Servians or the Russians or something, and he says we must go. We can stay at an hotel for a couple of nights and do a bit of shopping by the way. I'm positively dowdy, or is it that one only feels dowdy in this sort of village? Anyhow, I'm going to accept. You'll come, won't you?"

Sonia's face brightened; she held out her hand for old Jardine's letter, expecting to be allowed to read it, as she generally was, but Lady Merriam pretended not to have seen.

"This settled, then," she said more cheerfully than she had spoken for days. "We'll go up by the early train in the morning. I shall send him a wire, and no doubt he'll meet us." "Don't you want to let Montague know?"

£5,000 FOR SNAPSHOTS.

"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer for Amateur Photographs of War Incidents.

£5,000 for amateur photographers! The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive that we have set aside a further £3,650 for more war snapshots.

This additional sum will be paid out, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week.

All photographs used will be well paid for. £1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the handsomest ever held out to amateur photographers.

Prizes will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed. This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision is final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

COMEDIAN'S "TIRED" CARS.

Mr. Arthur Roberts, the well-known comedian, brought an action before Mr. Justice Low yesterday, claiming damages for alleged wrongful conversion by Mr. Charles White, of the Bayswater Motor Garage at Queen's-road, of two motor-cars, which originally cost £1,100 and £550.

Mr. White was said to have sold the cars, one for £7 and the other for £5.

The Judge remarked that the defendant pleaded that the cars were his. He had written to the plaintiff saying he proposed to sell them unless he heard from him in seven days, and to apply the proceeds as a set-off to his account against the plaintiff. Defendant counter-claimed for £35. "I suggest that when these cars were standing still for twelve months while you were on tour, they were not fit for use," said counsel for the defendant.

Yes, they were. They were having a rest. They were tired—rubber-tired?—(loud laughter), replied Mr. Roberts.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at £40 on the claim, and for the defendant with £15 damages on the counter-claim.

HUNS' JUBILATION ON APRIL 1.

COPENHAGEN, March 16.—A private message from Berlin states that enormous preparations have been made all over Germany for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of Bismarck's birthday, on April 1.

The celebration will be on an extensive scale at the university, where the Kaiser is expected to be present, and delegates from various parts of the country will attend.—Central News.

"I don't think so; perhaps Mr. Jardine will tell him."

"Oh, well, please yourself. . . . Upon my word, I feel quite excited at the idea of London again."

"I believe I am, too," Sonia thought as she looked round the room after Lady Merriam had bustled off to make her arrangements.

What had changed her so, she wondered, that she no longer found perfect contentment and happiness in her beautiful home? Two months ago she had thought of this the most beautiful place on earth, and now. . . .

But the change was not in herself, although as yet she did not realise it. It was rather that the old associations and dreams had slipped from her leaving her alone. . . .

Old Jardine was at Euston to meet them the following morning. He looked very smart in his black coat and silk hat. He wore a white gardenia in his button-hole.

"You look as if you're going to a wedding," Sonia accused him, laughing.

"Do I! Ha, ha!" He got rather red in the face and glanced at Lady Merriam.

Sonia saw the little smile they exchanged, and a sort of envious pang shot through her heart.

Nobody had come to meet her. She felt very out in the cold and unwanted.

She tried to reason herself. It was absurd to feel so depressed she knew. After all, it was her own fault that she had no devoted lover by her side. She had only to say the word to bring Montague to her feet.

"Well, it's there any news?" Lady Merriam asked cheerfully. She was looking at old Jardine with affectionate eyes; she was openly pleased to see him.

"Nothing particular," he answered. "We've had some minor successes in the north of France, but it's going to be a long job, I fear, a long job."

He took it for granted that her question had referred to the war; to his way of thinking there was nothing else worth talking about. Lady Merriam looked rather guilty; she had been thinking of her own little circle of friends at the moment. It seemed an unconscionable time to her since she had lived side by side with them and their interests.

It was a mild, sunny morning, and the London streets were crowded. Lady Merriam looked about her with sparkling eyes.

"It's glorious to be back," she said ecstatically. "Sonia, I must positively stop and buy some flowers. . . . Please!"

Old Jardine touched the communicating bell; he gave his orders through the speaking tube to Sonia, who waited in the car while he escorted Lady Merriam to make her purchases. There was a taxi standing at the kerb a little way down the road; a girl in nurse's uniform was sitting inside, evidently waiting for someone who had gone into a shop. . . . Sonia looked at her casually; then her attention was arrested; she thought she had never seen a prettier face.

The demureness of the blue nurse's bonnet suited her to perfection. Her pretty, fair hair was neatly parted and waved; there was a little flush in her cheeks; she looked happy.

Sonia wondered idly for whom she was waiting. A lover, perhaps. She looked away with a little sigh, wondering how long old Jardine and Lady Merriam were going to be.

She did not again glance in the direction of the taxi till she heard it starting away. The pretty nurse was no longer alone, a man sat beside her. Sonia could only see the back of his head through the window. He looked as if he were heavily wrapped in a muffler. She leaned forward interestedly. What sort of a man was he? She wondered. He seemed very attentive to his companion. She was laughing as she looked into his face.

The taxi had wheeled about now and was passing close to where Sonia waited. She found herself watching it with strained attention. She wanted to see that man's face—why, she did not know. And then, just as the two vehicles were abreast, he turned his head and looked straight at her. It was Richard Chatterton! It was to-morrow.

A HAPPY CHILD IN A FEW HOURS!

When Croup, Constipated, or if Feverish, give "California Syrup of Figs," Then Don't Worry.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all clogged-up waste-matter, sour food and fermenting food gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become tightly packed, and the tiny liver gets sluggish and the stomach disordered.

When croup, feverish, restless, see if the tongue is coated; then give this delicious "Fruit Laxative." Children love it, and it cannot cause injury. No matter what ails your little one—if "stuffy" with a cold or a sore throat, or diarrhoea, stomach-ache, and tainted breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle.—(Adv.)

GIRLS! STOP WASHING THE HAIR WITH SOAP

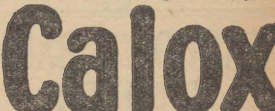
Soap Dries Your Scalp, Causing Dandruff, Then Hair Falls Out.

After washing your hair with soap always apply a little Danderine to the scalp to invigorate the hair and prevent dryness. Better still, use soap as sparingly as possible, and instead have a "Danderine Hair Cleanse." Just moisten a cloth with Danderine, and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one strand at a time. This will remove dust, dirt, and excessive oil. In a few moments you will be amazed, your hair will not only be clean, but it will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness and lustre.

Besides cleansing and beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; stimulates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful. Men! Ladies! You can surely have lots of charming hair. Get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and try it.—(Adv.)

It is the pure Oxygen

that Calox liberates in use which so thoroughly cleans the teeth and makes them so white and beautiful. It is this purifying and vitalising Oxygen which leaves the mouth so delightfully fresh, the breath so sweet, and the teeth so safe against decay.



THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

FREE

Sent for Sample Box of Calox, sufficient for a convincing test.

Sold ordinarily in non-wasting boxes, 1½d.

Calox-Tooth Brush, specially recommended, 1½d.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd.,

55, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

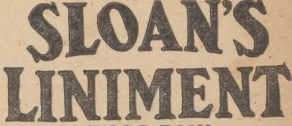


Pain in the Back

is often of the most violent character, yet it is surprising how quickly it disappears when Sloan's Liniment is used.

Like a Knife Stab.

Mrs. Withall, Gatwick Shaleford, Godalming, writes:—"I had a pain in my back just like a knife stab, and it left me helpless. I went into hospital from May to November, and was told it was incurable. People used to say it was all over with me. Sloan's Liniment was given to me to ease the pain, and I am now able to do all my own work. Everyone says it is a wonderful cure."



Not only for Backache Pain, but also for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Sprains, Bruises and pain of every kind, Sloan's Liniment is remarkably effective. A great comfort with Sloan's, too, is that there is no need to rub it in—laid on lightly it penetrates right to the seat of pain and gives ease and relief at once. Sloan's is invaluable for emergency—a bottle kept in the house will save hours of suffering. Get one to-day.

Sold by all chemists, 1½d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE

Stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 55, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Delicious and Digestible Cocoa

The great thing about Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is that it is very easily digested. Even those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee or ordinary cocoa, can digest it with ease. It is, moreover, highly nourishing, of delicious flavour, and very easily made, as hot water only is required. A cocoa possessing these distinctive and valuable qualities certainly merits a trial.

TESTIMONY.—"Your Cocoa and Milk is just the preparation I've been looking for, as I am unable to take tea or coffee, and do not care for the ordinary cocoas. I am glad to have discovered so nourishing a food."

For those who prefer coffee, Savory and Moore make a similar preparation of coffee and milk, which possesses just the same advantages.

Tins 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Daily Mirror" and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 1434, New Bond-street, London.

Savory & Moore's COCOA & MILK

FARROW'S BANK LIMITED.

Registered under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL..... £1,000,000
SHARES ISSUED..... 700,000

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Every Description of Joint Stock Banking Transacted.

Current Accounts—Interest paid where approved Credit Balances are maintained. Call or write for Special Booklet.

Head Office:—

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

75 Branches throughout the United Kingdom. A. H. & Co.

WHAT THIN FOLKS SHOULD DO TO GAIN WEIGHT.

Physician's Advice for Thin, Underdeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs, who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food fads, physical culture stunts and rubber creams, resign themselves to life-long skinniness, and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently-discovered regenerative force makes fat after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called Sargol. Six strength-giving, fat-producing elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this peerless preparation, which is endorsed by eminent physicians and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient. A month's systematic use of Sargol should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated fats to the blood. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply Sargol, and say there is a large demand for it.

While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve tonic and vitaliser, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh. (Adv't.)

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

GENTLEMAN'S 1914 Model de Luxe Cycle, fitted with B.S.A. 3-speed gear; latest improvements, gear case, all accessories, new lat September; £2 15s.; approval—5s. Cambridge-st, Hyde Park, London.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at home, prices, weekly if desired—Call or write, Sec. 41-42, Marble Arch, Tel. 4841, Mar. 1915.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Wanted? If so, you can make money by it—For booklet, T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Craze, "Typ," diverting game; teaches type-lightning; 6d. or 1s. P.O. and address to 59, Kingston Hill, S.W. Schools, shops, etc., 8s. P.O. post free.

TOMMY READS THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL."



Group of wounded soldiers at the Whitworth-street Military Hospital, Manchester, thoroughly enjoyed the first number of the new "Sunday Pictorial."

NEWS ITEMS.

Nearing Fifth Million.

The National Relief Fund yesterday stood at £4,824,000.

Camp in Windsor Great Park.

The King has granted permission for 1,000 soldiers to be encamped at Windsor Great Park in the near future.

"Forget-Me-Not Day."

The 1914 War Society has decided to make May 1 "Forget-Me-Not Day" in aid of the disabled soldiers and sailors.

£2,950 a Week Extra for Police.

The cost of giving the extra 3s. a week to all ranks of the Metropolitan Police during the war will be about £2,950 a week.

Men with Big Ideas.

Mrs. W. Newbury, Globe House, Stourport, writes to say that she has a hen which has laid an egg weighing 4oz. and measuring 8in. by 6in.

Motor Laboratory for New Army.

A travelling motor laboratory, given by Mrs. Lyn Thomas, of Cardiff, to the new Welsh Army, was formally presented at Downing-street yesterday.

Bromley Victim's Burial.

In a motor-hearse, the body of Miss Summers, the victim of the Bromley tragedy, was conveyed to the local cemetery yesterday, where the burial took place.

Toll of the Streets.

Last year in the United Kingdom a Home Office return states there were 2,330 fatal accidents, and 61,670 non-fatal accidents caused by vehicles in the streets.

Throw Himself Over Bridge.

A cigarette-maker who had been out of work for six months threw himself over Westminster Bridge, and at the inquest yesterday a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

Then They Knew.

Speaking at luncheon in London yesterday, Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, said he was once asked the meaning of "K.C.M.G." after his name, and on the spur of the moment he replied, "Keep calling me George."

Father Wants to See Sons.

Mr. White, of 84, Langhedge-lane, Upper Edmonton, who has five sons in the Services, is in London Hospital and is anxious to see his two sons on active service—L. White, of H.M.S. Birmingham, and H. P. White, 71689, of 117th Battery R.F.A.

USE TAR FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

Chronic coughs, catarrh, throat and bronchial troubles that resist all ordinary remedies usually yield at once to the soothing, healing and strengthening influence of the medicinal properties contained in tar, pine and wild cherry. All these properties, as well as several other valuable remedial agents, are found in a syrup made by dissolving half a pound of sugar in half a pint of hot water, and then adding 2oz. of ordinary birch tar. Stir thoroughly, pour into a pint bottle, and, when cool, it is ready for use. One or two teaspoonfuls of this simple and inexpensive cough syrup will quickly overcome the worst cough, and that annoying tickling in the throat will disappear almost instantly. Children should take from a quarter to half of the above quantities several times a day. Quick relief from nasal catarrh and colds in the head may be obtained by inhaling the vapour made by pouring half a cup of hot water into a teacup containing a teaspoonful or two of birch tar. Cover the head and cup or bowl with a towel, so as to get all the vapour. When water is cool gargle the throat with it. This method will clear out the head and relieve catarrh in a most astonishing manner. The fact that birch tar of tar is entirely free from opium, morphine, cocaine, heroin or other poisonous habit-forming drugs to which scientists and physicians so strongly object, is doubtless one of the reasons why its use is becoming almost universal. (Adv't.)

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

Newbury provided some excellent sport yesterday when the chief event was the St. Patrick's Steeplechase. It was won by the very consistent chaser, Meridian, and his success in the colours of the popular Irish sportsman, Mr. Hubert Hartigan, was singularly appropriate. Dick Dunn was always favourite, but he was never dangerous, and Meridian won very easily from Tenbury, who was at lengths in front of the dead-heaters, Belus and Dick Dunn.

As expected, Alfred Noble had an easy task to win the Open Steeplechase. Growler made a good race of it for a long way, but Distaff failed to stay, and his display does not say much for his chance in the Grand National. The meeting will be concluded to-day. Selections are appended:—

2.0.—Lambourn Hurdle—BLIND HOOKEY.

2.30.—Reading Steeplechase—E.R.

3.0.—Sharnbrook Hurdle—COVERSIDIE.

3.30.—Grand National Trial—THE BARE.

4.0.—Spring Steeplechase—HEDU.

4.30.—Maiden Hurdle—YELLOW CHAT.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

BLIND HOOKEY and COVERSIDIE.

BOUVIERIE.

NEWBURY RACING RETURNS.

2.0.—Weyhill S'chase. 2m.—Comfort (7-2, W. Smith), 1; Nemo (5-2), 2; Les Ormes (2-1), 3. 7 ran.

2.30.—Berkshire Hurdle. 2m.—Ulster (100-8, G. Deller), 1; Chalk Stream (100-8), 2; Clifton Hill (5-1), 3. 14 ran.

3.0.—St. Patrick's S'chase. 2m. 50yds.—Meridian (5-2, Pigott), 1; Tenbury (10-1), 2; Dick Dunn (2-1) and Belus (100-8), dead heat, 3 ran.

3.30.—March Hurdle. 2m.—Blue Danube (5-4, Parfett), 1; Gum Shoe (9-4), 2; Sweet Sun (7-1), 3. 7 ran.

4.0.—Open S'chase. 3m.—Alfred Noble (4-7, Parfett), 1; Growler (2-1), 2; Distaff (10-1), 3. 3 ran.

4.30.—Maiden Hurdle. 2m.—Ben Wyvis (11-2, J. Dillon), 1; Dordogne (10-1), 2; Swan Song (5-3), 3. 11 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—100-9 Outram (t, o), 100-6 Irish Chief, Jarnie II and Couragous (t, o).

GRAND NATIONAL.—100-14 Bachelor's Flight (t, o).

Yesterday's football results were: Notts County 0, Bolton 0; Bradford 1, Sheffield Wednesday 1; Oldham 4, Everton 3; Bristol Rovers 3, Southampton 1.

RARE TREASURES FOR SALE.

In addition to the MS. of John Ayscough's novel, "Maroz," which is to be included in the great sale in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, Messrs. Christie have just received from Mrs. Frank Gielgud five pages of the original holograph MS. of the "Pickwick Papers."

The Misses Bailey have sent a copy of Gray's "Elegy" with original drawings and an autograph letter of John Constable, R.A.

Sir Sidney Colvin has sent a collection of autographs, including letters from Robert Browning, William Morris, Algernon Swinburne and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Samuel Glassman, a Jewish fish dealer, was fined 5s. and costs at Leeds yesterday for travelling from Leeds to Hull without a ticket.

A HOME REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

In view of the well-known fact that probably over ninety per cent. of all stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulence, etc., is either directly or indirectly due to acidity, or as it is commonly called, "sour stomach," it is evident that correction and prevention depends almost entirely on neutralising the acid and stopping the fermentation. For this purpose there is nothing better than a half-teaspoonful of ordinary bisaturated magnesia in a little water. Immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt, this immediately neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation, and permits the stomach to proceed with its work under normal conditions. Owing to the widespread use of bisaturated magnesia by physicians and in the hospitals and for greater convenience in carrying, most chemists now supply it in the form of compressed tablets, two of which are equivalent to a half-teaspoonful of the ordinary powder form. Care should be taken to get bisaturated magnesia, as other forms are lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties.

BISATURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mild-flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form. (Adv't.)

HOW TO END ALL STOMACH MISERY.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A PHYSICIAN.

Here in England, where our damp climate compels us to eat heavy foods in order to keep our bodies warm, nearly everyone suffers with some form of stomach trouble. Many people take a little magnesia or pepsin when their stomach troubles them, and often they find no relief, and wonder why. The truth is, said a noted specialist recently, that nine-tenths of us suffer from stomach trouble simply because our stiffer digestive organs are overworked to such an extent that we cannot assimilate or digest the food we eat.

Magnesia or pepsin will sometimes give temporary relief, but they cannot effect a permanent cure. If you have a feeling of fullness after meals, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, sour stomach, gas, indigestion, pain in the Colon or Bowels, go to your chemist and get an ounce or two of ordinary carmelite compound, and take from eight to ten drops in a table-spoonful of water three times a day after meals. It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a gentle, yet invigorating, action on the liver, which is excellent for those who are inclined to be troubled with constipation. The first dose will promptly end the most miserable stomach distress, and in a few days' time your assimilative organs will be toned up and strengthened so that they will perform their work as nature intended. Even a person with a very weak stomach can then eat a hearty meal and digest it without the least feeling of discomfort.

Hundreds of people who have been unable to find relief from the usual old-time stomach remedies have found a permanent cure for their trouble in this simple recipe. (Adv't.)

BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET.

A Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Grey Hair and promote its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home; at very little cost, that will darken grey hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To half a pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 4oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, relieve itching and scalp troubles, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair." (Adv't.)

INDIAN "LUCKY STONE" FREE.

Do you want to change your luck? Do you want to be fortunate in life, successful in business, and to have everything come your way? If so you should possess my real Indian "Lucky Stone," which has brought me good luck and happiness to thousands. In order to further introduce these mysterious, beautiful and lucky stones from Ceylon, I am giving away a limited number. Write to-day enclosing stamp for booklet about the "Lucky Stone" containing letters from people who possess them, together with free offer.

RICHARD S. FIELD
(Dept. 1), 58, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Pride of Canada Maple Syrup

makes rich cakes

and gives them a new deliciousness—a favour all their own.

It takes less Maple Syrup than of ordinary sugar to sweeten the cake mixture to any given standard. And there is no comparison in the quality of cake produced.

BE SURE YOU GET "PRIDE OF CANADA."

Ask your Grocer or Confectioner for the book of Mr. Macleod's recipe for a complimentary copy.

THE CANADIAN MAPLE PRODUCTS CO., LTD.,
Endell Street, Long Acre, London.

Sold at all good stores
8¹/₂ and 1¹/₂ glass jars

The Daily Mirror

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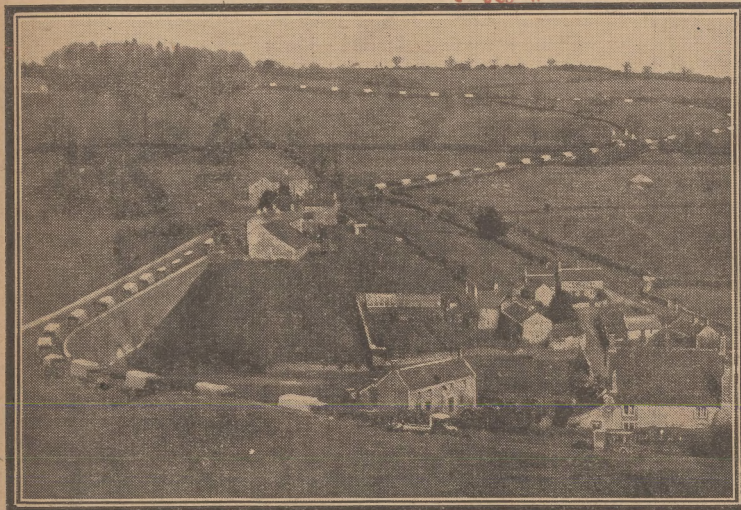
Please deliver the "Sunday Pictorial" every week until further notice to—

Name

Address

A SUPPLY CONVOY FIVE MILES LONG.

9.320 H



Motor-vans belonging to the Transport Service travelling along a winding road as far as the eye can see. It was five miles long. This fact gives some idea of what it means to supply a modern army with the thousand and one things it requires.

ALL THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS WORE THE SHAMROCK.

P.624

P.1719



The Earl of Kerry, Lord Lansdowne's heir, receives his sprig of shamrock from Colonel Probyn at Warley Barracks.



The Hon. Robert Southwell purchased his sprig from Miss Jean Mostyn, who was one of the vendors in St. James's-street.

PIRATE MURDER.

P.1719



Ellie McPherson, on the steamer Fin was drowned when it was torpedoed by pirates.

CAVALRYMEN FIGHT ON FOOT.

9.429 H



German dragoons emerging from cover to make a dash on the French line. There is little work for cavalry now, so they are fighting on foot.

A CUPFUL OF POMERANIAN.

9.691 M



A 7oz. "pom." the smallest dog in the show. 9.691 M



Mr. D. Hickman's basketful of pups.

"You need a microscope to see the exhibits," complained a visitor to the Pomeranian Dog Show which was held at the Botanic Gardens yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)